Non-resist

A

HUE and CRYE

AFTER

Passive-Obedience,

AND

Non-Resistance.

Being a True CHARACTER of a

De-Facto-Man.

Licensed according to Order. August 15*th.* 1690.

OUT of Compassion to a Giddy-brained Faction, and for fear of laying them under too great an Odium, I shall curb my Pen, and keep as streight a Rein as possible upon it all the way. Otherwise perhaps 'twere possible to tell an odd story of our Gentleman's Birth and Parentage, and manner of Education; who gave him his Name, and what his Godfathers and Godmothers did for him in Baptism, what *Paul* planted in him, and *Apollos* watered with Wine, and other good Lickquors, *even the Dull Dry Doctrine of Non-Resistance.* Let these be left to the Conjecturals of the Ingenuous Reader, because tis almost impossible to trace our Spark through these Particulars, without falling foul upon some of the shining, burning, fiery flaming Lights of the Age.

The next thing, in order, that offers it self to Consideration, is his *Library*, a New *Liturgy*, some *Play-Books*, and some *Romances*; to which

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add the Hiſtory of *Paſſive-Obedience*, and the late *Obſervator* Bound in Calves Leather, and Guilt on the back: He had a great hand in the late Revolution, but now he begins to blow his Fingers as if he had burnt them, and ſpeaks of his Old Abdicated Maſter with Eyes brim full of Tears, ſo tender and relenting is his heart. If you obſerve him at his Devotions in the Church, you'l find him change Colour at the approach of the Prayers for King *William* and Queen *Mary*; but at the cloſe of all, by the help of what diſtinction we can't tell, he mutters out his *Amen*; Dogg him from the Church to the Tavern, the next Stage of his Devotion, there you will find him fallen on his knees, and with a Rummer in his hand, a time when he prays with the warmeſt and heartieſt zeal, pouring forth his Wiſhes for King *James* his Reſtoration.

When others are ſolemnly Faſting and Praying for the Succeſs of our Heroes Arms in *Ireland*, you'l find him Revelling and Carouſing over roaſt Beef and Clarret, partly out of factious ſingularity and diſaffection to the Government, and partly out of pure love to the Premiſes: But however he'l Swear Allegiance, tho' not till after he hath ſawcily reproacht our Grave Senators to their Beards, and put the moſt diſhonourable Interpretation upon their words. What need was there of a Parliament to make him *De-facto King*? His Arms, together with his Faſt, and Faithful Friends, could have done ſo much for him, in ſpight of thoſe that are ſo backward to Swear to Him *now*, had they oppoſed Him *then*: He'l Swear, but, for Gods ſake, what will he Swear? He'l Swear that the King hath the longeſt Sword, that He was Solemnly Inaugurated at *Weſtminſter*; that they will obey him as long as they dare do no other: In ſhort, they will Worſhip him as the *Indians* do the *Devil*, not out of Love, but leſt he ſhould do them any harm. We muſt have ſtronger Ties than Oaths taken in ſuch a lax ſence, to hold ſuch a ſlippery Gentleman in; 'twould be well if the Government would keep a ſtrict eye over them, and ſince they reſolve to do no good, take ſpecial care they do no Miſchief. Our Duty is to Pitty, Compaſſionate them, and Pray for them.

FINIS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Secret Hiſtory of the Dutcheſs of Portſmouth, *in which, an account is given of the Intreagues of the Court, during her Miniſtry; and of the Death of King* Charles *the Second*: *Printed for* R. Baldwin *in the* Old-Bailey.

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